

W. M. MEACHAM, W. A. WILGUS,
FOUND, ETC., TUESDAY MORNING
—
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
For one year, advance \$1.00
For every 12 months 1.00
For copy sent to any bus. mailing up to
fifty cents a month.

HOPKINSVILLE
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

1881.

LAWYERS.

W. M. GOODWIN, Attorney at Law, also
with Palace & Tissell.

W. E. GOODWIN, Attorney at Law, also
Court Name, with Ritter.

B. E. BROOKS, Main Street, over Hopper
Block, law office.

J. H. BREWSTER, T., Hopper Block, opposite
H. C. H. & Sons.

H. C. H. & Sons, Hopper Block, rear
of Leichter's.

G. A. COOK, MELVIN, Webster House, rear of
Court House.

W. J. BROWN & M. A. MCGRATH, Main Street,
opposite Plauters Bank.

G. H. KNIGHT, Main Street, opposite
Knights.

L. ANDERSON, CLARK, Main Street, opposite
Plauters Bank.

J. D. BRADSHAW, Attorney at Law,
Main Street, opp. Plauters Bank.

F. PLANT & KERRELL, Main Street, also
Koch & Latham's law office.

DOCTORS.

H. C. CLARK, also with Dr. R. W. Gaines,
Main Street.

L. ALEXANDER, M. D., over Gray &
Barker's drugstore.

MILLINERS.

M. E. L. MARTIN, opposite Phoenix Hotel,
Main Street.

M. M. E. ROHRS, Nashville Street,
nearly opposite the Union Church.

JEWELERS.

H. B. BRAND, Court St., Campbell &
Whitney's old stand.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

EDWARD ANDERSON, Court Street,
opp. door to Savage's.

DRUGGISTS.

J. W. McCLANAHAN & CO., No. 1, Heavy
Block.

G. H. & GARNER, Main Street, Hopkins-
ville, Ky.

DRY GOODS.

G. A. DAVIDSON, Main St., next door to
H. C. H. & Sons' drugstore.

H. E. HOPPER & SONS, Main Street.

R. M. ANDERSON, Court Street, two doors
from New Era Office.

P. YOUNG & CO., Main Street, near
the depot.

R. D. GUYON, Southside Main, near New-
ville, Ky.

G. W. SMITH, Nashville St., rear of
City Bank.

L. D. DAVIDSON, Virginia St., between Central
Hotel and Post Office.

S. M. GARRISON, corner Main and Spring
Streets.

FURNITURE AND COFFIN
DEALERS.

W. E. PYLE, up stairs, Heavy Block,
Main St.

RESTAURANTS.

F. G. W. HALL, Russellville, Ky.,
Young's gun shop.

BUILDERS & CARPENTERS.

J. W. WILLIAMS & SON, Carpenters
and Builders.

LIVERY STABLES.

BANNERSTADT, Bridge St., near Prince-
ton Bridge, J. M. H. Blyth, Proprietor.

L. SMITH, corner of Virginia and Spring
Streets.

POLK CANDLES, North corner Russellville
and Virginia Streets.

J. O. WEILL, livery, feed and stable,
Nashville Street, near depot.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COURT OF APPEAL.

John H. Green, Judge, Court, Ky., B. T. Un-
derwood, Clerk, Hopkinsville, Ky. Court
meets at Monday in February and August.

QUARTER COURT.

A. V. Long, Judge, James Brasher, Attorney,
Meets at Monday in every month.

CITY COURT.

Joe McCarroll, Judge, James Brasher, At-
torney, McCarroll, Monday, City Marshal.

COURT OFFICER.

John W. Brasher, Clerk, C. M. Brown,
Sheriff; A. B. Long, Jailer.

BIG PAY Agents
WANTED.

WE WANT A
United number.

of active, energetic managers, to come in a
pleasant and profitable business. Good men
will find a rare chance.

To Make Money.

Send will please answer this advertisement
by letter, enclosing some money, stating
what you want to do, and the amount of
the same. None but those who mean business need apply. Address FINLEY, HARRY & CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

PRESCRIPTION FREE.

For the speedy cure of scalded Wounds,
Burns, Ulcers, & other Skin Diseases. Any Unwell has this
Medicine. It is a powerful Remedy. None but
those who mean business need apply.

Address FINLEY, HARRY & CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

ELASTIC TRUSSES.

ELASTIC TRUSSES.</

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

HOPKINSVILLE, JAN. 4, 1880.

SOCIALITIES.

Miss Berlin Lungroth is visiting Miss Maggie Banks, of Henderson.

Fred McCarroll left yesterday to visit his residence in Louisville.

Rev. A. B. Cabins, of the Western Recorder is in the city.

Miss Little McElwain, of Trenton, is visiting Miss Little McKiernan.

Mr. Jas. L. Wadl went to Paducah yesterday.

Mr. H. B. Culbertson, of Springfield, Tenn., is in the city.

Mr. J. C. Woodbridge, returned last week from a trip to New Orleans.

Mr. W. L. Hickman, of Louisville, was in the city last week visiting his parents.

Miss Goodale Lowry, of Owensboro, mariequed at Bethel Female College last week.

Miss Louise Weaffall, of Newell, spent last week with her sister, Miss Cynthia Westall, at the College.

Mr. A. G. Dick, of Louisville, is visiting his father-in-law, Mr. J. K. Gant.

Mr. Chas. Fort has returned home to Adams' Station, Tenn., after a week's visit to friends in the city.

Mr. Henry Hammett, of Port Rydal, Tenn., was the guest of Dr. Bourne Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Scott, of the Brookville (Ind.) Sentinel, was in the city yesterday and favored us with a call.

Mr. Shobe, who has been buying robes in the city, leaves to-day for Bowling Green.

Mr. V. M. Metcalfe left yesterday for an extended trip through Illinois and Indiana in the interest of his business.

Mr. Walter Bell, of Points, Ala., spent several days with his relatives in the city last week and left for home yesterday.

Miss Maggie Bristow, of Russellville, returned home Saturday, after spending a week with Miss Flora Trice.

Dr. H. R. Bourne spent the Christmas week visiting friends and sweethearts in Clarksville and vicinity and returned home Saturday.

Misses G. P. Mercer and W. A. Glass spent the holidays with relatives in Louisville and returned home Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Clark, of Henry county, Mo., formerly a citizen of this county, is here on a visit to his numerous friends and relatives.

Mr. J. Birch Walker left last week for Hamilton, Ohio, to travel for the Knudsen and Threlkell Manufacturing Co. of C. C. Hooven & Co.

Mr. W. H. Prayor, proprietor of the Galtie Gazette, was in the city this week, but did not call. He reported the Gazette in a prosperous condition.

MARRIED.

HURT-EVETT.—At the residence of the bride's father, near Sinking Fork, on Wednesday evening, 29th ult., Mr. Wm. Hurt to Miss Verdie Everett.

May they never see the dark side of life, but always look in the sun of happiness.

Leap Year Social.

Prof. Rust, with his usual kindness and courtesy towards the young gentlemen, threw open the doors of the College Friday night, 31st ult., and permitted them to make the acquaintance of the young ladies under his tutorage. Of course the young gentlemen gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to watch the old leap year out and the new year in with the young ladies. We wish to remark, by the way, that during our acquaintance with Prof. Rust's school of several years, he has never had such a university, pretty and vivacious lot of boarders. Most of them were strangers to the young gentlemen, but the two levées given during the holidays enabled them to make a general desire to have another similar entertainment before many weeks.

HERE AND THERE.

AMUSEMENTS.

DEATHS.

TOBACCO NEWS.

Special Locals.

Volume III, number 1.

Now for a signature in business of all kinds.

Zizi, or the Cripple's Love, at Mozart Hall next Thursday night.

Relief Female College did not suspend for the holidays.

Mrs. Forrest's second term of the present session begins this week.

The Willard Hotel Lottery was postponed till April 7th.

The SOUTH KENTUCKIAN is two years old, and is large enough to put on breeches.

We understand from a reliable source that the weather during last week was cold.

It is better to hang a glove this sort of weather than the prettiest girl in town.

A good deal of moving is going on. No important business changes will be made.

Bain, the great temperance orator will speak at Mozart Hall next Friday night.

A great many new year's calls were made last Saturday. Most of those making them were butting money.

If you haven't seen the Gimlet carrier's address ask Charley Thompson for one.

Saturday was a cold, bad day but quite a large crowd of country people were in the city, nevertheless.

Yesterday was a big day. It was County Court, and as the day was clear and bright nearly everybody came in town.

The writer has been confined to his room most of the time for a week past, by a decided indisposition—to go out in such weather.

Dr. Patton says, work hard, live well, die poor, but leave your family a potty in the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Louisville.

Jesse Edmundson, the telegraph messenger, took around an address after the style of paper carriers and cleared several dollars.

The north Christian correspondent reports a shooting affair this week which was the result of a serenade. His letter also contains other items of interest.

Mr. H. R. Bourne spent the Christmas week visiting friends and sweethearts in Clarksville and vicinity and returned home Saturday.

Misses G. P. Mercer and W. A. Glass spent the holidays with relatives in Louisville and returned home Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Clark, of Henry county, Mo., formerly a citizen of this county, is here on a visit to his numerous friends and relatives.

Mr. J. Birch Walker left last week for Hamilton, Ohio, to travel for the Knudsen and Threlkell Manufacturing Co. of C. C. Hooven & Co.

Mr. W. H. Prayor, proprietor of the Galtie Gazette, was in the city this week, but did not call. He reported the Gazette in a prosperous condition.

DEATHS.

TORIAN: At his residence in this county, on Saturday Jan. 1, Thos. Torian. He was born Nov. 11th 1813, in Halifax county, Va., and removed to this country in 1839 where he has lived ever since. He was in the 63rd year of his age and leaves many descendants, friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss. He was a Christian, who lived consistently and death did not find him unprepared. Among his last words was a message to his absent children to so live as to be prepared to meet him in Heaven.

McCARROLL: At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Sterling, Saturday Jan. 1st, Mrs. Eliza McCarroll.

Died, Dec. 29th of scarlet fever, Robert, son of Jas. A. and M. S. Major, aged 3 years. God, whose ways are past finding out, pour healing balm upon the grief stricken hearts of devoted parents.

They may be enabled to realize that little Rob has been transplanted as a tender bud, into a more congenial place where they will one day see him blooming in the glorious sunlight of Heaven, a stranger to the cares and ills of this vale of sorrow.

—[State Journal.]

FROM BOY.

We have heard of men's turning gray in a night—eaten in an hour from sheer fright, of women fainting at a light or an incendiary mouse, but we witnessed a sight the other night, Charlie, that would have made your heart run cold, and your—your hair stand on end. We always prided ourselves on our manhood, on our courage of mind, on our nerve, but may I kindly excuse us from witnessing another such scene. We have, during the brief pilgrimage of life, passed through many trying scenes—screams that would try most souls. I have even in moments of wild recklessness, dared to read the week, immortal scribblings of Bill Rogers, and never moved a muscle, or blushed with shame, but when we saw that blushing, Charlie, all our boasted manhood—everything left us, and we were nothing more than helpless, weak bairns, utterly incapable of action, hopelessly broken down, at the mercy of the enemy. We are going to tell you how it was. We don't want to make any mistakes, as God is our judge who will reward the time, yes, wild, madly insane, and we hope heaven will forgive us should we make a mistake. It happened in this way. Your Shining Rock quill driver, the man of the dark horse, who started in this great, untried world with \$3, and a Government blanket, Ende we mean, was paying his respects to a young lady, had been having 'em from time immemorial. He idealized her, he adored her, he beat her with his pocket knife, and over his last nickel or two. What more could man do?

He would sit on the fence, in front of her door for hours, and spit tobacco juice at her, pestered her, and then—

Matilda Stone as Alie Wlog.

Sallie Cook as Sister Alphonso.

Katie Clarke as Highland Mary.

Leura Weaffall as Queen of Gondwanaland.

Mamie Hurbridge as Titania, Queen of fairies.

May Ware as Malu St. Jeweler.

Bettie Howlow. Not learned.

Maudie Payne, " "

We cannot undertake to mention all the gentlemens, as many appeared in burlesque characters which it would be impossible to find names for. The most elegant and noticeable costumes were worn by the following gentlemen:

Jas. L. Wahl as Italian king.

Wm. A. Wilgus as French Prince.

Geo. M. Hart as Othello.

II. H. Abernathy as Louis X.

J. W. Nelson as French Noblemen.

F. B. Woodbridge as King Alphonso.

Thos. Knight of Turkish Pachie.

Thos. Burbridge as Crusader.

G. B. Fugue as Brigand.

Keek Kee as "

W. T. Cooper as French Count.

Chas. Fort as Cortez.

Misses Corrie Phelps, Cynthia Westall, Mamie Campbell, Bettie Masie, Anula Ware, Sallie Lander, and Lizzie Woodbridge were present but not in masque.

The maskers were present and the fun was on.

Only one theatrical performance this week, but that is a good one. It is worth the price of admission to see Miss Goodrich, if she is as pretty as her picture.

A shooting affray occurred at Fairview last Friday between Jim Darling and Robt. and Press Yancey. Darling was pretty thoroughly ridid with bullets but none of them happened to strike a vital point. Darling began firing first but we did not ascertain the nature of the quarrel which brought on the shooting. Darling was badly hurt but will recover.

They may never see the dark side of life, but always look in the sun of happiness.

—[State Journal.]

Mr. Jas. M. Howe wound up a successful business year by making \$500 at one time last Thursday. He brought a part of Maj. Jas. P. Campbell's lot on Main street to which he paid \$2,000. Dr. Jas. Rodman heard of it and offered him \$500 for his barn, which Prof. H. W. Hinman accepted and the lot was deeded to Dr. Rodman.

Officers of Masonic Lodge for the ensuing term.

J. I. Landis, W. M.

Joe McCarron, S. W.

W. W. Clarke, J. W.

M. F. Fairlight, Treas.

Geo. Street, Secy.

B. W. Sione, S. D.

S. H. Turner, J. D.

W. B. Lander, S. & T.

Officers of K. of L. Lodge for the ensuing term.

Nat. Galtier, Dictator.

Fred H. Dryer, V. Dic.

John Orr, A. D.

M. Lipaline, Rep.

W. T. Tandy, F. B.

J. S. Frey, Treas.

T. L. Smith, Guido.

The following officers were elected and appointed at Forest Lodge, No. 208, F. & A. M., Beverly, Ky., Dec. 27th, 1880 to serve during the ensuing year:

E. A. Wilson, W. M.

J. L. Dunn, S. W.

R. H. Fonda, J. W.

W. W. West, Treasurer.

B. A. Sonn, Secy.

M. T. Bradshaw, S. D.

C. R. Price, J. D.

J. T. Turner, S. & T.

Officers of Masonic Lodge.

The following is a list of the officers elected at the annual conclave of the Fairview Lodge, Dec. 27th.

Milt D. Brown, W. M.

M. A. Fritz, S. W.

W. B. Brewer, J. W.

Nelson Wade, Treas.

J. T. Smith, Secy.

W. H. Shanklin, Tyler.

F. E. Wade, S. Dea.

J. F. Harrod, J. Dea.

Advertised Letters.

Which, if not received in thirty days, will be sent to Washington, D. C.:

John C. Brown, M. E.

Burke, T. J.

Jester, Martha

Hollie, Robert

John, W.

John, J. L.

Wm. Thomas

Stapp, Bob.

Wm. Thomas

Wm. Thomas

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICES, Dodge St., 1st, Main and 2nd
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS

A gentleman who saw her in Paris says that she was then so thin that when she took a sugar coated pill her appearance became the subject of inviolable gossip among her lady friends.—[Sunday Argus.]

"Horribly cold weather for business," said George to Maria the other night. "Yes," said Maria, who was looking over the marriage license in a morning paper; "for some kinds it is, you observe that there are a great many new partnerships being formed." George looked over her shoulder and saw what she was reading, and there will be another new firm ere the rose bloom.—[Sunday Argus.]

It is said Wilkie Collins, the novelist, spends as much money as he makes. Shake Wilkie, shake! a little reliving makes us wondrous kind.—[Sunday Argus.]

An empty pocketbook never yet won a lady.—[Brackbridge's News.]

Man proposes, God disposes, and a congressional committee exposes.—[Brackbridge's News.]

The telegraph announces that Gen. Grant travel with his wife. Mr. Conkling, who has great respect for Gen. Grant, might find a pleasing him for imitation in the great General's habits in some certain particulars.—[Glasgow Times.]

Probability to our securement of the Liverpool Consulate, we confess, is rather gloomy, but no long-since the Congressional Record continues to gladden our fireside with its daily visits no inhuman shall escape our lips.—[Glasgow Times.]

We are likely to have some sunlight in the next Legislature, Mr. G. R. Keeler, of the Bourbon Sun, and Mr. A. C. Quisenberry of the Winchester Sun, being candidates in their respective counties.—[B. G. Gazette.]

When a fellow gets a letter out of the post-office for his wife, and carries it about with him in his pocket a couple of weeks before he thinks of it, which is the safest for him to do then, send it to her by a boy or tie it to the end of a cane fishing-rod and poke it in through a window at her.—[State Journal.]

It is a frost to the good judge of wondrous beauty to dwell on a sweet, old face. We often stop in front of old ladies and imagine how they looked when they were girls.—[State Journal.]

A man came into the Argus office yesterday and said: "Christmas comes but once a year, and when he gets that for the editorial staff went back to see a man, and when it came back the Coroner was holding on infest on some remains supposed to be those of a man who had been caught in the fly-wheel of a two-hundred-horse power engine.—[Sunday Argus.]

It is said that a truly innocent person will never be an object of suspicion, but we detect an angel to carry a black vinegar bottle around a neighborhood in which is located a saloon, and not have public opinion divided on the subject.—[Paducah Enterprise.]

A Romance of Ugliness.

(Topic Best in Little Book Gazette.)

A very homely woman passed a party of men standing on a street corner.

"Look at that nose?" will you remark one of the men, and he laughed heartily.

"That woman is my wife, said one of the party.

I take it back, then, said the sportsman, I'm sorry that I laughed.

You laughed at her ugliness, and that is a direct thrust at my taste. There may be better looking women in Little Rock, but that does not remove any of the sting. I will be avenged. It runs in my family. A man once laughed at my mother when she had a boil on her nose, and my father caught him and sliced his ears till they looked like feather rings on a Texas saddle. To curse back the avenged spirit, an old revolutionary General sneezed at my grandmother, and she threw him down, pulled off his boots and drove his heels in to brass-head tack that he never walked any more. I don't know whether to make you take a punch or to cut your tongue in two, willa katty?"

My friend, replied the sportsman, I am inexpressibly sorry, and I hope you will not forgive me. I am not well and can not fight.

I don't ask you to fight. When a man starts out to kill a dog he doesn't try to hit the dog to bite him. I believe I'll just eat you in two, and the man drew a long knife.

My friend, we must compromise this business. I am a married man, and if you'll come down to my house I'll bring my wife into the yard and let you laugh at her.

She ugly enough to serve as a standard to my wife I asked the average.

Beats her all hollow.

How's her nose?

Turned up like a gourd handle.

Hump-shouldered?

Yes, and nearly bald-headed.

Pigeon-toed?

Yes, and the worst knock-kneed human you ever saw.

Well, that's sort do. I'll accept your proposition. Come on, let's get through with this business, and shuttling his legs, he accompanied the man who had laughed at his wife.

There are some intimations that a new style of kissings has been designed and is coming into use gradually. It is most exasperating that no adequate description of the new method is given, but a kiss is impossible of description in the cold language of a newspaper. A kiss is something that must be tried to be appreciated, and there are now a great many people enjoying life regardless of the question, returns who have not been really convinced that my way of a kiss can be improved, which will be an improvement, a style that has so long prevailed. There are people, however, who have brought the kiss to a higher state of development than is usual, but as a general thing the untrained kiss will get along the best.

The courier a base voice is heard. We will take the advice of our friend and immediately "ring" what sort of a club, that is still the the line.

HE WAS "TIRED OF WAITING."

HOW AND WHY A NEW-MADE BRIDE-GROOM DESERTED HIS BRIDE—A SHORT LESSON FOR IMPATIENT BENEDICTS OF OVERLY COY BEATRICES.

Less than three weeks ago the romance time of Rock Lick echoed the joy-bells that rung in the wedding of Pat Kelsey and Miranda Starbuckle (we use fictitious names for reason that will readily suggest itself to the reader), and sent the young tides careering down the pleasant valley on the soft air of the spring weather that visited us a not that time. The bridegroom is a large well-proportioned youngster, slender, sober, and with a most picturesquely the happiest youth in Breckinridge county. The bride is young, slender, and slight hours of matrimony, desire, in person and disposition. Her only fault is modesty. Now that modesty is not an excellent thing in woman and a very proper adornment of the female character. But, then, modesty in excess is like a superabundance of tresses, liable to strike at inopportune moments, and play the deuce with love's calculations as the latter knocks the crops from under the physician's diagnosis.

It is said Wilkie Collins, the novelist, spends as much money as he makes. Shake Wilkie, shake! a little reliving makes us wondrous kind.—[Sunday Argus.]

An empty pocketbook never yet won a lady.—[Brackbridge's News.]

Man proposes, God disposes, and a congressional committee exposes.—[Brackbridge's News.]

The telegraph announces that Gen. Grant travel with his wife. Mr. Conkling, who has great respect for Gen. Grant, might find a pleasing him for imitation in the great General's habits in some certain particulars.—[Glasgow Times.]

Probability to our securement of the Liverpool Consulate, we confess, is rather gloomy, but no long-since the Congressional Record continues to gladden our fireside with its daily visits no inhuman shall escape our lips.—[Glasgow Times.]

We are likely to have some sunlight in the next Legislature, Mr. G. R. Keeler, of the Bourbon Sun, and Mr. A. C. Quisenberry of the Winchester Sun, being candidates in their respective counties.—[B. G. Gazette.]

When a fellow gets a letter out of the post-office for his wife, and carries it about with him in his pocket a couple of weeks before he thinks of it, which is the safest for him to do then, send it to her by a boy or tie it to the end of a cane fishing-rod and poke it in through a window at her.—[State Journal.]

It is a frost to the good judge of wondrous beauty to dwell on a sweet, old face. We often stop in front of old ladies and imagine how they looked when they were girls.—[State Journal.]

A man came into the Argus office yesterday and said: "Christmas comes but once a year, and when he gets that for the editorial staff went back to see a man, and when it came back the Coroner was holding on infest on some remains supposed to be those of a man who had been caught in the fly-wheel of a two-hundred-horse power engine.—[Sunday Argus.]

It is said that a truly innocent person will never be an object of suspicion, but we detect an angel to carry a black vinegar bottle around a neighborhood in which is located a saloon, and not have public opinion divided on the subject.—[Paducah Enterprise.]

A Romance of Ugliness.

(Topic Best in Little Book Gazette.)

A very homely woman passed a party of men standing on a street corner.

"Look at that nose?" will you remark one of the men, and he laughed heartily.

"That woman is my wife, said one of the party.

I take it back, then, said the sportsman, I'm sorry that I laughed.

You laughed at her ugliness, and that is a direct thrust at my taste. There may be better looking women in Little Rock, but that does not remove any of the sting. I will be avenged. It runs in my family. A man once laughed at my mother when she had a boil on her nose, and my father caught him and sliced his ears till they looked like feather rings on a Texas saddle. To curse back the avenged spirit, an old revolutionary General sneezed at my grandmother, and she threw him down, pulled off his boots and drove his heels in to brass-head tack that he never walked any more. I don't know whether to make you take a punch or to cut your tongue in two, willa katty?"

My friend, replied the sportsman, I am inexpressibly sorry, and I hope you will not forgive me. I am not well and can not fight.

I don't ask you to fight. When a man starts out to kill a dog he doesn't try to hit the dog to bite him. I believe I'll just eat you in two, and the man drew a long knife.

My friend, we must compromise this business. I am a married man, and if you'll come down to my house I'll bring my wife into the yard and let you laugh at her.

She ugly enough to serve as a standard to my wife I asked the average.

Beats her all hollow.

How's her nose?

Turned up like a gourd handle.

Hump-shouldered?

Yes, and nearly bald-headed.

Pigeon-toed?

Yes, and the worst knock-kneed human you ever saw.

Well, that's sort do. I'll accept your proposition. Come on, let's get through with this business, and shuttling his legs, he accompanied the man who had laughed at his wife.

There are some intimations that a new style of kissings has been designed and is coming into use gradually.

It is most exasperating that no adequate description of the new method is given, but a kiss is impossible of description in the cold language of a newspaper. A kiss is something that must be tried to be appreciated, and there are now a great many people enjoying life regardless of the question, returns who have not been really convinced that my way of a kiss can be improved, which will be an improvement, a style that has so long prevailed.

There are people, however, who have brought the kiss to a higher state of development than is usual, but as a general thing the untrained kiss will get along the best.

The courier a base voice is heard.

We will take the advice of our friend and immediately "ring" what sort of a club, that is still the the line.

Paducah has a 9.80 80 cent.

What sort of a club, that is still the the line.

An Exciting Adventure.

He was sailing down the Neckar on a raft. The sky became overcast, and the Captain came out looking uneasy. He cast his eye about, then shook his head, and said it was coming on to blow. My party wanted to land. I wanted to go on. The Captain said we ought to shorten sail, any way out of common prudence. (Consequently, the larboard watch was ordered to lay in his pole. It grew quite dark now, and the wind began to rise. It wailed through the swaying branches of the trees, and swept our decks in fitful gusts. Things were taking on an ugly look. The Captain shouted to the steerers on the larboard, "How's she heading?"

The answer came faint and larse from forward, "Nor'-east-and-by-nor'-east, half east, sir."

"Let her go off a point?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"What water have you got?"

"Shoal, sir. Two fathoms large on the starboard, two and a half scat on the larboard."

"Let her go off another point!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Forward, men, all of you! Lively! Lively! Stand by to row her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then followed wild running, trampling and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, "Leave to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is, it won't sleep with me!"

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard of female bittes."

"Nothing but a morsel or two," he said, "and I have no time to go forward with the mate like that. I must have a drink of beer or something."

"Forward, men, all of you! Lively! Lively! Stand by to row her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then followed wild running, trampling and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, "Leave to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is, it won't sleep with me!"

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard of female bittes."

"Nothing but a morsel or two," he said, "and I have no time to go forward with the mate like that. I must have a drink of beer or something."

"Forward, men, all of you! Lively! Lively! Stand by to row her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then followed wild running, trampling and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, "Leave to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is, it won't sleep with me!"

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard of female bittes."

"Nothing but a morsel or two," he said, "and I have no time to go forward with the mate like that. I must have a drink of beer or something."

"Forward, men, all of you! Lively! Lively! Stand by to row her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then followed wild running, trampling and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, "Leave to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is, it won't sleep with me!"

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard of female bittes."

"Nothing but a morsel or two," he said, "and I have no time to go forward with the mate like that. I must have a drink of beer or something."

"Forward, men, all of you! Lively! Lively! Stand by to row her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then followed wild running, trampling and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, "Leave to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is, it won't sleep with me!"

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard of female bittes."